

The Critic

Published weekly, at 743 Broadway, New York, by

THE CRITIC COMPANY.

Entered as Second-Class Mail-Matter at the Post-Office at New York, N. Y.

NEW YORK, JUNE 4, 1887.

AMERICAN NEWS COMPANY general agents. Single copies sold, and subscriptions taken, at *The Critic* office, No. 743 Broadway. Also, by Charles Scribner's Sons, G. P. Putnam's Sons, E. P. Dutton & Co., Brentano Bros., and the principal news-dealers in the city. Boston: Dammell & Upham (Old Corner Book-store). Philadelphia: John Wanamaker. Washington: Brentano Brothers. Chicago: Brentano Bros. New Orleans: George F. Wharton, 5 Carondelet Street. San Francisco: Strickland & Pierson. London: B. F. Stevens, 4 Trafalgar Square. Paris: Galignani's, 224 Rue de Rivoli. Rome: Office of the *Nuova Antologia*.

A Plea for the Pony.

AMONG the many copies of Virgil in my father's library, I remember one—was it Davidson's?—which gave, in a footnote, a literal prose translation of all the Latin on each page. The remarkable point about this edition was that Davidson—if it was Davidson—intended it for the use of beginners. His preface was an ingenious plea for allowing the young student the privilege of a 'pony,' on the ground that for him to dig for each definition every time in the depths of a lexicon, was as foolish as for a carpenter to keep all his tools in the cellar, and be compelled to take only one upstairs at a time, carefully returning each to its box in the cellar before taking hold of any other. Our delight in this preface was extreme; not because we believed in it, but because its fallacious logic was so ingenious. So thoroughly imbued were we with that spirit of the old school which believed above all things in thoroughness and in the efficacy of drudgery as discipline, that I am confident I might have been left alone for hours with the 'pony' without once feeling even a desire to profit by its helpfulness; so scornful should I have been of anything to interfere with the dear delight of long laborious days; so jealous was I of any help that might spoil the triumph of finding out for myself, after hours of struggle, that the fifty-ninth definition of a given word in the lexicon was the one out of two hundred and thirty-three that would alone apply to the particular use of it in the line I was struggling with.

As I have grown older, there has come to me a serious belief, which I hardly dare to express even now, that Davidson—if it was Davidson—was a prophet without honor in his own time, who deserved immediate recognition and eternal gratitude, though he has received neither yet. Why not give to the young student a pony instead of a dictionary? Indignant scholars of the old school will at once exclaim, 'Why pretend to take the Latin at all, if you are going to give the boy a translation?' Far, however, from having any desire to discourage the study of languages, I am only pleading for a method of study which would, I believe, facilitate scholarly knowledge, and make the study of language that of a literature, instead of that of a bundle of rules, to be conned merely as an exercise in drudgery for the discipline of the mind. As a rule, the young student does not associate the idea of a pleasant story with his lesson. Ask him to close his *Cæsar* and tell you in familiar English what it is all about, and he will gaze at you in amazement. Open *Cæsar* and point to yesterday's lesson, and he will stumble through a confused mingling of *Cæsar's* ambassadors, ships' beaks, heavy anchors, sails of leather, violent storms, etc., with more or less success according to his aptitude for the effort. Suppose, now, that in setting his lesson we give him a good translation, saying, 'this is the story; now let us see how they told it in Latin;' pausing to notice every difference in rendering from the English, dwelling upon each beauty peculiar to the Latin, forcing him to construe with the utmost exactness, never permitting him to say '*Cæsar* sent ambas-

sadors' if the construction is 'ambassadors were sent by *Cæsar*,' thus making sure that he understands which word in Latin means which word in English, applying every rule of syntax as it comes up, but studying the rules from the illustrations and not the illustrations from the rules.

There is no force in the argument that if we give the pupil as much as this, we might as well give him the translation at once without bothering him at all with the Latin. Emerson's saying that to study a language of which there are good translations is as foolish as to insist on swimming a river over which there is a bridge, is not at all to my liking. There is a joy in swimming quite apart from any object in getting anywhere; there is a beauty in the original quite apart from its mere meaning in thought. We do not give the young scholar any such great amount of assistance after all, in the method proposed, so long as we require him to construe and to parse. We merely do for him to a greater extent what we do for him already on a small scale, when we give him with his *Cæsar*, not the tremendous lexicon, but a neat little vocabulary at the back of the book, containing only such definitions of each word as the book itself calls for. If we are willing thus to simplify the book for him, why not simplify for him in a precisely similar way the chapter, or the paragraph, or the line? Then would our young hero, even after he has plunged into Virgil and been immersed in the lexicon, no longer flounder about for hours trying to learn which of the seventy-five definitions of a single word in the lexicon has the most probability of satisfying his teacher; but with leisure to dwell on that which makes the reading of Virgil a pleasure apart from the mere translation, he would learn that the study of a language is not merely a means to an end, but an end in itself. At present his sole object is by hook or by crook to get 'the thing' into English. If there comes in his lesson the splendid line,

Quadrupedante putrem sonitu quatit ungula campum,

he considers it a happy inspiration that the sentence must be something about a quadruped; and in helping him to extricate his moods and cases from a hopeless tangle, it is a question whether even the teacher finds much leisure to impress him with the fact that the beauty of the line is quite independent of its meaning.

If in reading a foreign language all you want is the idea, '*Brutus Cæsarem interfecit*' may be no more interesting than the English statement that Brutus killed *Cæsar*; but as a study of language, it is deeply interesting that in Latin the order of the three words could make no possible doubt as to the significance, while nothing but the exact order of subject, verb and object could answer the purpose in English. '*Brutus Cæsarem interfecit*,' or '*Brutus interfecit Cæsarem*,' or '*Interfecit Cæsarem Brutus*,' would each mean the same thing; while '*Cæsar killed Brutus*' would differ very widely in significance from '*Brutus killed Cæsar*.' It is not enough to master the fact that something in Latin means 'a walled town': it is interesting to know that in Latin you may tell from the single word used for 'city' whether it was a walled town or not. It is interesting to know that when a German speaks of a 'room,' he can convey in one word whether he means a room in a hut, a house, or a palace; that when he speaks of eating he can convey to you in the choice of his word for 'eat' whether it is a donkey, a man, or a king that is consuming food. 'Do you play also?' I asked the sister of a distinguished pianist. 'Ach, ja!' she answered quickly. 'Aber ich spiele nicht vor!' How delicious was that 'vor!' How impossible to give the spirit and grace of its terse, vigorous meaning by any English phrase! It is for these niceties, these special graces of each language, that we study foreign tongues, not merely for the meaning of the sentences; and to gain leisure for this, let us simplify the lexicon for beginners.

ALICE WELLINGTON ROLLINS.

The Collector is the title of a periodical devoted to the interests of those who collect rare books, prints and autographs, which Benjamin Bros. will bring out in the fall.

Reviews

Davidson's "Handbook to Dante."*

WHEN one has passed contemplatively through a great European picture-gallery, and has loitered long by this or that picture, or has performed the reverent pilgrimage round a mighty cathedral, and then pauses near the door to look up at the climbing arches: how welcome to have at hand a low-voiced, intelligent, sympathetic guide, to recall to one each memorable picture, each monumental group, or the lingering aisles through which one has just passed! Without such a guide in one shape or another, how confused even the most striking evidences of human genius become, and how soon the memory feels itself overloaded and bewildered! Such a guide is Dr. Scartazzini to the pilgrims who enter that cathedral of the intellectual Middle Ages—Dante; and such a clew, white and shining, does he give us to find our way in and out. We have had Chaucer, Shakespeare, and Homer Primers to initiate us by short routes into the study of these great poets; bibliographies help us to take up at any point the study of Ruskin, Browning or Emerson; Petrarch and Goethe Societies whisk and wheel each round its central fountain of illumination. But never till Prof. Davidson undertook his excellent adaptation of Scartazzini's manual did we have in English such a handy book of reference to Dante—a poet whom Michael Angelo envied, Carducci called the 'King of Song,' and Carlyle revered as the most fiery and intense of singers. Scartazzini's manual is the book that enjoys most favor in Italy, and is the work of one of the best Dante scholars of our time. The English edition is superior to the Italian inasmuch as it is enriched with numerous and careful footnotes by the American editor, and its scope and range are broadened beyond a mere Italian horizon. It is far superior in form, too, to the Primers mentioned above, being full in its facts and discussions, uncondensed in style, printed in large, pleasant type, and not so split up into worrying little sections as they. It is divided into two Parts. Part I. treats in four chapters of Dante's life, and opens with a preliminary view of the biographers and biographies of Dante, and our sources of information in regard to him. Part II. fills also four chapters, and treats exhaustively of Dante's works (under the headings Manuscripts, Editions, Commentaries, Special Studies, Illustrations, Music, and Translations). The minor works are systematically studied and the life in the works is illustrated and drawn out so far as this is possible. The various questions relating to the 'Divina Commedia' beguile the writer into his last chapter, wherein he concentrates in succinct form all that is known about the sources, form, conception, symbolism, typography, duration of the action, and imitators of the poem. The eight English translations are reviewed, and the palm is awarded to Longfellow's and Dr. Parson's (partial translation). Prof. Davidson thinks James Russell Lowell's Essay on Dante the best monograph in English on the subject, though he points out some errors in statement in it. He himself half promises us an edition of Dante's minor works (never before attempted in any language), and an impartial critical life of him—both deficiencies which he can excellently supply.

Religion in Russia.†

Few persons in the Western world have much knowledge of Russian religion, notwithstanding the interest and importance of the subject, and this work of Mr. Heard's will fill a useful place. As the author remarks in his preface, 'A work of this nature, without any pretence of theological erudition, and intended for the general reader, does not, so far as I have been able to ascertain, exist, and I have endeavored to supply the deficiency.' He has evidently taken pains with his work, has sought information from many

sources, and has produced a book of great interest and value to all students of the subject. The opening chapters are mainly historical, giving a succinct account of the conversion of the Russians to Christianity near the end of the Tenth Century, and of the principal events in the history of the national church down to the present time. This part of the work is a little too condensed for easy reading; but it contains a great deal of valuable matter, both for reading and for reference. The Russians, according to Mr. Heard, are emphatically a religious people; but their religion is largely a matter of form and ceremony, and among the mass of the people is mixed with many pagan superstitions. 'The peasant imagines that the priest possesses the secret of propitiating the heavenly powers by the rites of the altar; that St. Vlas, the cattle-preserver, St. Elia, the rain-giver, St. George, the patron of wolves, all yield to priestly intercession. By it he can secure good harvests and increase of his flocks. Attributes of pagan deities have been transferred to popular saints of the Russian Calendar, and the whole universe teems with imaginary beings of superhuman nature, who to the peasant have a real existence.' On the other hand, among the nobility and governing classes there is widespread skepticism, and 'atheism is as general a doctrine as Christianity.' Nevertheless, even the skeptics do not lose their regard for the church; for 'Christianity in Russia is not merely a creed or a religion; it is, above all, a national institution, the first, the most venerable and the most popular.' The condition of the Russian clergy is described as most deplorable. They were until recently an hereditary caste, like the Levites of old, and are practically so even now; their pay is altogether insufficient, and their moral and social position the very reverse of what it ought to be.

Mr. Heard's account of the Russian sects and dissenting bodies is very interesting, and reveals a much greater amount of dissent than is commonly supposed to exist in Russia. The most important of the dissenters are the 'old believers,' who seceded from the national church in the Seventeenth Century in consequence of certain changes then made in the ritual; though these changes were in fact a return to the earlier customs which still prevail in all the Eastern churches. Their number is officially stated at over a million; but some Russian writers believe that the number of their sympathizers is as great as ten millions. Besides this principal body of dissenters there are many 'erratic sects,' such as the Flagellants, the Jumpers, the Eunuchs, and many others, and some of them indulge in practices of a shocking and immoral nature, such as have no parallel in the Western world. Altogether Mr. Heard has made a very interesting book, which we commend to the attention of theological students, and readers interested in the various phases of the Eastern question.

"The Ivory King."*

THIS unique work is not a novel, nor a chess-man, nor a specimen out of an art museum: it is a popular history of the elephant, with some account of its allies. It tells all that one wants to know about the *Aleph Hindi*, both dead and living, about his tusks and proboscis, and the work he has made in art and history. Prof. Holder, the author, has united exact science and popular amusement in a wonderfully taking way. We have ogled his pages to catch him tripping, but either our slender scholarship has run out, or else he is nearly infallible; for we find he speaks in accordance with the specialist and zoölogist. Yet all the time he is interesting. With this accuracy in twenty-five chapters, with a bibliography and an index, he suits the grown-up folks, while with exciting and pleasing pictures he delights boy and girl. Paterfamilias who purchases for his boy's library will himself turn to read the chapters on 'Ivory' and 'The Elephant in the Arts;' and thus enjoy the facts and history, as well as the archæology and other recondite parts

* A Handbook to Dante: By G. A. Scartazzini. Translated from the Italian, with Notes and Additions, by T. Davidson. \$1.25. Boston: Ginn & Co.

† The Russian Church and Russian Dissent. By Alfred F. Heard. \$1.75. New York: Harper & Bros.

* The Ivory King. By Charles Frederick Holder. \$2. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

of the subject. The boys will revel in the chapters which lead to Barnum, to the Circus, to Hunting and to War. The girls will certainly read with avidity about Jumbo and the White and the Baby Elephants; while all will enjoy the animated, straightforward style. We had marked several passages of unusual interest, but for lack of space must refer the reader to a book which is enjoyable from beginning to end. When we are told that seventy-five thousand elephants are slaughtered yearly in order to satisfy the demand of civilization for eight hundred tons of ivory, we can only pray that the celluloid-makers may flourish. By perfecting their compounds, or by discovering a worthy substitute for billiard-balls, piano-keys, knife-handles, Chinese balls, and Japanese *netzukes*, there is hope for the elephant. Otherwise, he will soon belong to eschatology of a kind not discussed by Andover or the prosecutor of 'friendly' suits in Boston. Already he seems bound to follow Cooper's Mohican, the dodo, and the various extinct creatures which come to resurrection only in our geological museums, and their dropsical nomenclature.

Three Poets.*

No sooner do wood-anemones come out and apple-blossoms fall and cat-birds begin to flute, than simultaneously the poets begin to stir and the earth is white with new-born poems. Hither and thither they fall, till one is 'snowed in' with immaculate sheets scribbled all over with delicate hieroglyphics, often no less quaint and strange than the pentagrams and polygons of the crystalline manna—and often as cold. Sometimes from the frost-bitten North there comes a burst of tropic poetic sunshine, rioting in light and color, as though some great wind-wafted Brazilian moth, all amethyst and ruby, had frolicked down from the pole, and lighted upon our casement-window. Sometimes it is the 'wild West' that breathes and blows upon us out of a delicate book, not in the least 'wild,' where prairies flow illimitably and sunflowers spread over and betwixt whole parallels of latitude. Or, again, by a curious paradox, the burning South sends us a book of icicles—sheets of frozen poems—where we had a right to expect perpetual summer, vestal fire, flowering grace. Psychic latitudes and longitudes, however, are not calculable by the methods of earthly astronomy, any more than one could have predicted hot wells in Iceland or glaciers in Egypt. Spiritual temperatures are not traceable, or their ancestry nestles high up in the inaccessible hills back of us, out of sight and unsuspected. The potencies and possibilities treasured up among the cargo of the Mayflower are just now coming to light, as if she were just unloading. In Mrs. Whitney's fine, strong 'Pansies' (1) we have a bit of this cargo—a 'cask of Amontillado' astray on the New England coast, but lit with a fire gathered in some unseen, ancestral, psychic South, faraway down Elizabethan horizons. These 'Pansies' are few, but they are of rare culture; 'sad and rich with tender purples, veined even with black, yet glad with contrasting and prevailing gold.' They cover a quarter of a century of time, but they have been allowed to grow each to its full stature, without forcing or crowding. Echoes of the War reverberate pathetically among the earlier ones, each poem a sounding-board gathering up a prayer, a lament on a pæan. Later on this reverberation dies away into poems of faith or aspiration and tender longing, mingled with a strength that is like the stone of a sweet cherry beneath all the plasticity of the external form. 'Few and far between,' these poems gather in the quintessence of a woman's life, and express by their very 'fewness and far-betweenness' its delicate reserves.

Mr. Powers's book (2) is a Troy of song that marks ten years of busy life. The readers of THE CRITIC are already acquainted with the work of this singer, which is characterized by bright imagery, fluent conversion of thought into

metrical form, and ease of versification. Less reserved than Mrs. Whitney, he turns as naturally and easily to verse as the medium of his emotion as a musician does to his flute. He has one hundred poems for his ten years' work where Mrs. Whitney concentrates her quarter of a century into thirty, but we do not regret the fertility which has produced such bits as 'Fireflies' and some of the devotional poems.

'Scythe and Sword' (3) is appropriately dedicated to Dr. Edward Eggleston, and is 'replenished,' as Shelley says, with sweet fancies and coy delights. There is a distinct pictorial touch in nearly all of Mr. Auringer's poems which makes them well worth reading and remembering. The 'Orchard' is a charming picture; and so is 'Glen Lake at Twilight'; while 'The Robe Weavers' is a rare bit of the 'betwixt and the between' that lies East of imagination and West of fancy, without being absolutely either. Many of these poems lie over against the mind's eye after you have read them, as a star sometimes leaves a trail on the air after it has vanished. It is no drought that has produced three such spring books as these.

Ballou's "Due North."*

A MIDNIGHT sun and a polar bear on a cliff appropriately symbolize in gilt the contents of Mr. Ballou's new travel venture in Norway, Sweden, Denmark, and Russia. The book is an excellent specimen of what the intelligent American, not particularly gifted in style and perceptions, sees during a summer in Europe and therefore conveys with plainness and a certain vividness to the reader similarly endowed. The style is often vicious, especially in its use of a certain participial construction, as in the opening paragraph of the first chapter: 'Having resolved upon a journey due north, twenty days of travel over familiar routes carried the author,' etc.—a misconception which recurs continually; and the perceptions miss much that is characteristic in Scandinavian scenery. One cannot help comparing this part of the book with those exquisite Norse vignettes of 'H. H.', and the comparison is of course unfavorable to the present author. Moreover, there is a use of language here and there that shows the author does not understand the meaning of certain English words, for example, the word 'myriad.' We are told that there are 'myriads of little steamers' at Stockholm, 'myriads' of islands on the coast of Norway, no less than 'myriads' of fowl and fish in Arctic air and water. Apart from peccadilloes like these and the hurry-scurry nature of his trip, the author has succeeded in writing a very readable book, full of pleasant information, a little stiff in its references to the 'author' and the inevitable 'we,' but wholesome and instructive. His route was to Copenhagen, then to Gothenburg and Stockholm via the Gotha Canal; then over to Bergen, Trondhjem, and the North Cape; to Stockholm by rail, and thence across the Gulf to St. Petersburg. History and science are apt to suffer in so hurried a trip; else why should Linnaeus be called a 'poor shoe-maker'? Our own impressions of Copenhagen and Stockholm coincided with those of Mr. Ballou: two bright, lovely Northern cities, worthy in all respects of a prolonged visit, and filled with genial and cultivated people sympathetically alive to connections with America.

Recent Fiction.

WE ARE GLAD to find that Frau Buchholz is meeting with a cordial welcome from American readers—a fact attested by the appearance of Part II. of Julius Stinde's 'The Buchholz Family' (Scribner). She is a pleasant winter acquaintance, affording you a welcome relaxation by her earnest humor and her humorous earnestness and zeal, and she is a pleasant summer acquaintance, because when you are too lazy for anything else, her chat keeps you awake and keeps you smiling. You enjoy all her family, too, and her acquaintances—friend and foe—from Frau Bergfeldt and Krauses to her daughter's husband and her daughter's cook. They

* 1. Pansies. By A. D. T. W. \$1.25. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 2. Ten Years of Song. By H. N. Powers. \$1.00. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co. 3. Scythe and Sword. By O. C. Auringer. 75c. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co.

* Due North; or, Glimpses of Scandinavia and Russia. By M. M. Ballou. \$1.50. Boston: Ticknor & Co.

are as distinct as if you had seen them, instead of knowing them only through what good, wise, motherly, excitable, energetic Frau Buchholz tells you about them. We bespeak an *entrée* for her and for them into the houses of all those who do not ask for gross caricature before they will let themselves be amused, and especially those who like pictures of a social life of marked characteristics that are both truthful and entertaining. The book is just the thing to take away and enjoy in the cars or in the country. The translation, by L. Dora Schmitz, is rather better than that of the first part, though still far from preserving all the vivacity and the subtle 'points' of the original.—READERS of 'The Buchholz Family'—and who is not included in their number?—will greet with pleasure these 'Woodland Tales' (T. Whittaker), a collection of Dr. Stinde's shorter recent stories, done into English remarkably well by Ellis Wright. There is in these tales that strange romantic-prosaic atmosphere so peculiar to German novelists, and to many readers of such remarkable charm. We do not have here incisive analysis, exhaustive character-sketching or the depiction of complex and overmastering emotions; but we get pictures of real homes peopled by human beings who, if they are not subjects for an epic or a tragedy, can move us by their natural pathos, their homely sorrows and 'humble joys, their sacrifices and darings and triumphs—persons whose lives are realistically prosaic, yet show the poetry that may lurk in prose. And one story, that of 'Brother Johannes,' rises beyond this, and strikes with wonderful effect the stern note of tragedy.

F. WARNE & CO. have issued in their Library of Continental Authors 'Irene,' by the Princess Altieri, 'Hélène,' by Léon de Tinsseau, and 'Edmée,' by Georges Ohnet. None of these stories have any great value, and 'Edmée' is simply abominable.—MR. JAMES PAYN calls a collection of thirty very short stories 'Glow-worm Tales' (Franklin Square Library), with the text from 'Poems on Natural History,'

Whose tails—mild, inoffensive things—
Have light and point, but without stings.

There has never been any 'sting' in any of Mr. Payn's writing, which has always been of the sweetest and best tempered, as well as the brightest; but it may be said that his 'Glow-worms' have certainly all the 'light and point' that we have associated with his longer efforts, and are extremely pleasant reading.—'A ZEALOT IN TULLE,' by Mrs. Wildrick (Appleton), is a long, involved and absurd story of people who wore their lives out in the physical toil and mental worry of digging for a buried treasure. The Zealot is a young lady who has reason to doubt her lover and will have nothing to do with him till he explains. He is too proud to explain, besides not wishing to betray the fact that he lost her ring in the sand while he, too, was digging for the treasure, and calls her, when she is once denouncing him in a ball-dress, a 'zealot in tulle,' mad with fancies as flimsy and useless as her airy gown. It takes ten years, three hundred pages, and a great deal of explanation, to satisfy the Zealot, but she finally marries the o'er proud lover.

MORE than fifty years ago the wife of Horace Mann spent a winter in Cuba, and wrote from her notebooks a romance of real life which is now published for the first time, under the title of 'Juanita' (Lothrop). The author withheld it so long simply from motives of delicacy, being unwilling to publish facts while any of her host's family were living; this, not because she had written anything derogatory of Cuban life or personalities, except so far as her friend's participation in the 'peculiar institution' had awakened her horror at customs tolerated by people in every other way intelligent, courteous, generous and Christian. It is a pathetic fact that the book kept back until it could not offend any of her friends, now appears after the death of the author herself. It is surprising that she never tried romance in any other form, for 'Juanita' shows great skill and grace of style. The story has not suffered from lying idle fifty years—and of how few tales could as much as that be said! As a record of slave life, it is stirring, pathetic, and original, and the vivid picture has not lost a particle of its strong coloring with time. It is fully as interesting as it would have been fifty years ago, and to read it is to enjoy an artistic pleasure as well as to be stirred to healthful indignation at the wrongs it deals with. The local color of tropical life is often exquisitely given, and the passage describing the blossoming of the white cactus is as beautiful as a passage from Ruskin.

A NOVEL not to be condemned as weak, however little it may please the individual reader, is 'Who is John Noman?' by Charles Henry Beckett (Cassell). If somewhat crude in construction and overwrought in feeling, it is not to be dismissed lightly; and as the work of a new author it exhibits a breadth of culture, a grace of style in spite of some extravagance, and a strength of plot, for

which we may well be grateful, even at the expense of some scenes almost too terrible and some sentiment certainly overstrained. One must be tired indeed not to feel an interest in the story, which is full of incident and accident, of interwoven fate and development of character. It is one of the best things in the book that the question 'Who is John Noman?' is never answered. We are so accustomed to having the founding of literature prove to be a duke on the last page, that this touch of absolute realism in leaving him utterly unidentified to the last is an unexpected boon, where much that is ultra-imaginative might have made the duke almost a matter of course in this particular story. The Anarchists receive a large part of the author's attention, and his delineation of their methods and purposes, as by no means those of the real workingmen, and as deceiving the philanthropists who are caught by the idea of befriending poverty, is satisfactorily strong. It is so powerful as to be almost repulsive, and indeed the author's fault, throughout is excess of strength. It is so much easier, however, to prune and tone down, than to elevate style or to develop plot, that the faults of the book may be forgiven as those of a new author who gives much promise.

'WORTH WINNING,' by Mrs. H. Lovett Cameron (Lippincott), is one of those English stories which bring to the front the worst features of English thought and custom in regard to marriage. The careless American mother, leaving her pretty daughters often unchaperoned, cannot be more distasteful to British ideas, than are the English managing mother and calculating father to the simpler and truer ideas on this side of the water. The story opens with a father calmly advising a mercenary marriage to his son. In the chapters following we have all the old familiar matrimonial phases: the son entangled with a girl of the lower classes; the sister horrified at this, but infinitely relieved on finding that her brother will not go so far as to marry the girl; the heroine coolly advised by both father and mother, before any of them have seen him, to marry the hero who is of the aristocracy; scenes between hero and heroine in exceeding poor taste, when, cognizant of parental intrigue, they mutually agree to satisfy the elders by his proposing and her rejecting him; the inevitable falling in love with each other in reality before they know it, and living happily ever after.

Minor Notices.

'RACHEL DUMONT,' by Mary Westbrook (Kingston Freeman Print. and Pub. Co.), is the true story of a young girl of fifteen, who, when the British burned Kingston, N. Y., during the Revolution, showed herself a capable young maiden in managing the family difficulties. She was certainly a bright and attractive girl, but there is a little too much of heroic glamour thrown over her by the enthusiastic narrator. On hearing that the British were coming, Rachel very promptly ordered out the teams and sent the family and the silver across the creek for safety. She then turned the cows and pigs into a pasture, and went across the creek herself to join her parents. All this was very commendable; but with all due respect to her memory, it seems about what almost any one would have done, in the circumstances; and the author's apparent estimate of the action as something requiring the genius, intellect, heroism and devotion of a Joan of Arc, seems a little overstrained. The account, however, is picturesquely given, and barring the too great enthusiasm, the story makes a pretty little picture.

THE BOOKS issued by the Chautauqua Press hardly need more than mere announcement. Prof. Winchell's 'Walks and Talks in the Geological Field' is a delightful book for the general library, being intended to hold a position between text-books and books of light reading. It must be a dull mind indeed that does not enjoy, and is not stimulated by, this earnest but attractive book, devoted to tremendous facts made comprehensible to simple intelligence. Prof. Winchell presents in Part I. the 'Facts,' or the record given us to read among the rocks and fossils; in Part II., 'Historical Glimpses' of how the world was set in order; in Part III., 'Retrospect,' or how the story of the world impresses us. Tremendous as the subject is, the treatment is simple in the extreme, and the whole is delightful reading.—IT IS TO be remembered that the word 'primer' does not necessarily imply a book for very young people, but merely a book for beginners in any study. Even remembering this, however, we cannot say that the arrangement of the 'Primer of Botany,' by Mrs. A. A. Knight (Ginn), commends itself as interesting or clear. The method of teaching by observation through the microscope, and by asking questions not answered in the book, thus inspiring pupils to hunt things up for themselves, is admirable in a general way; but to find in the very earliest pages such exercises as 'make a list of plants which store up much starch,' or 'name a plant which is a single cell,' or 'name a plant without cell walls,' when such clues to the answers as may

be given in the book itself are very hard to unravel, is a method hardly appropriate to a 'Primer' for pupils of any age. With some knowledge of botany, and we modestly venture to hope some degree of general intelligence, we confess to finding the pages of this little book bewildering.

'THOUGHTS OF BEAUTY,' from Ruskin, compiled by Rose Porter (Lothrop's Spare Minute Series), has this unique feature: Miss Porter has passed by the criticisms and thoughts on Art for which Ruskin is best known, simply because he is best known in that direction and therefore needs no recommendation, and limited her selections to his discourses on Nature, Morals and Religion. She has made her extracts with taste and judgment, and the book is to be welcomed for giving such choice 'bits' from such extensive work.—'CANNING AND PRESERVING' is a neat little pamphlet prepared by Mrs. S. T. Rover (Philadelphia: Arnold & Co.), which deals with the canning and preserving of fruits and vegetables, with particulars as to marmalades, butters, fruit jellies and syrups, drying and pickling. There is a convenient index. We wholly approve of these little cook-books on specialties, easily held in the hand, and all-sufficient for the immediate purpose.

HELPS TO BELIEF (Cassell) will be real helps to sound belief if all the little volumes in the series are as good as the two before us. Dr. Goodwin, Bishop of Carlisle, discusses 'Creation,' and the Rev. Brownlow Maitland 'Miracles.' The argument is in each case little more than a sketch, for one of these books might be carried in a breast-pocket; but both go straight at the heart of the matter, and are singularly fresh in treatment. The authors really appreciate the difficulties of those for whom they write, and reach the hand to them in a very manly and friendly way, without patronizing them or weakening their own position. There is no more dismal reading than much of our popular apologetics, but these specimens are of another color.—TRUE to his professed point of view as a 'Christian rationalist,' Rev. Dr. J. H. Rylance, the genial Rector of St. Mark's, New York, and author of 'Social Questions,' argues in his sermon on 'Orthodoxy and the Heathen' that God is at least a Christian, and that 'His mercy is wider and deeper than our theoretical knowledge of Him.'

TO THOSE who use books of prayer, the little one of 'Daily Prayers for Young Boys,' by Rev. Dr. William Baker (Whittaker), may seem desirable. To many, however, it will suggest educating a child into too great self-consciousness—a fault which may still be a fault even when it exhibits itself in concern for his soul. We cannot think it wholly heathen to teach a little boy of eight to kneel and pray God in behalf of all his 'dear relations and friends, especially, . . . and give to them *all that is best for them.*' The book contains hymns, collects, the Commandments, the creed, forms for self-examination, the Lord's Prayer, the 'Now I lay me,' and short prayers for many special occasions. The explanations of the Commandments, showing how widely each applies beyond the mere apparent significance of the words, are good; but we think the book errs, or is unwise, in laying too great stress, not upon the beauty of holiness, but upon the fact that 'I' must be holy. The statement in the preface that 'without prayer, with which should always be joined praise and thanksgiving, it is impossible for any to live a Christian life,' seems too sweeping, even taking 'Christian' in its purely theological sense.

Boston Letter.

THE victim of the book-reviewer is a familiar object; but shall the book-reviewer himself have no pity, and be reckoned always as a critical Ishmael? Signed or unsigned, his articles are sure to be recognized by a few, and his ambush is never quite secure; let his purpose be of flawless honesty, still he shall not escape calumny nor fail to open a way to accusations either of puffery or malignant abuse. What if the friend of his bosom writes a book of which he cannot approve, shall he be faithless to his readers about it and persuade them to buy the worthless thing, or shall he be candid and forever end the attachment between himself and the author? No pillow of ease or crown of honor is for him: his seat is a bed of thistles.

The occasion of these remarks is a good story illustrating them which I heard lately. One of the regular contributors to a critical journal received from a life-long friend a copy of a book, which the latter had written, with a request that he should review it. This would have been a pleasant task if there had been any chance to say a pleasant word about

it, but it was hopelessly bad, and even faint praise of it would have been transparent flattery. What could he do in this conflict between his good-will and his critical integrity? Driven and preoccupied by other matters he passed the volume over to another member of the staff, and did not think of it again until he saw the review of it printed in the paper. Such a review! Such a flaying alive, such a vinegar bath, such a throwing of vitriol, that it seemed as if the executioner had first used every instrument of torture and then sprinkled the wounds with every acid that would bite and make them linger. Simultaneously came a dignified letter from the poor St. Sebastian of an author; full of reproaches. Was the friend to whom he had given his book dead to every sense of shame, callous to every demand of gratitude? If no sentiment of affection could influence him, was he without any appreciation of the sacredness of hospitality? Now the author was a rich man, who had published his book at his own expense in a most sumptuous manner, and he had a beautiful city house, where very good dinners were given, at which the object of these reproaches had often sat in great contentment. The luckless reviewer was covered with shame, and at once wrote a letter of explanation and apology, entreating his injured friend by the memory of their college days not to visit upon him a fault for which he was blameless. A day or two went by, and then there came to the office of the reviewer a small package addressed to him in the familiar hand of his friend. Fold after fold of tissue paper, and strands of feathery shavings, at last disclosed an exquisite bit of Royal Worcester. So St. Sebastian had justified the Calendar and been as forgiving as a saint should be: he had sent this precious jar full of the oil of reconciliation, and the recipient immediately sat down and penned a letter of unmeasured thanks and affection to him: he had proved himself to be a thoroughly good fellow, whose friendship was too strong not to endure even the great strain that a most regrettable mischance had caused—so the epistle ran. In the evening the reviewer took the present home, and while he was unwrapping it in the presence of his wife, he sang the praises of the giver's magnanimity. The last envelope removed, he carried the vase across the room and placed it for effect on a little mirrored cabinet. 'There, my dear, isn't that lovely?' he inquired. 'I thought so when I bought it,' she replied. 'When you bought it?' 'Yes, it's the vase we sent him as a wedding present when he was married.' So indeed it was; and instead of being a token of peace, it was a gage of battle. The letter of apology had been unavailing, and never since have those two friends spoken. This is a story that makes me glad that I am not a book-reviewer, but only the chronicler of trifles in the way of literary news.

The only things to be recorded this week are some new products of fiction for summer reading. The industry and versatility of Mr. Arlo Bates will receive a fresh illustration in 'A Lad's Love,' which Roberts Bros. will publish shortly. It is a story of Campobello, which, like Bar Harbor, has been annexed to Boston; and its hero is a youth whose love is set aflame by an attractive widow many years his senior, who diverts his wooing from herself to her daughter before his passion spreads into a conflagration. Ticknor & Co. add to their series of novels in paper covers 'The Course of a Woman Hater,' by G. De Montauban, a writer hitherto unknown, and 'The Home of a Musician,' by Virginia W. Johnson, who lives in Florence and who has placed the scene in Venice among the artistic and musical people of that city. Both of these books are quite new, and have never been published in any form before. 'Ten of Us' is a little volume of short stories by S. B. Alexander, in the press of Laughton, Macdonald & Co., and 'The Monk's Wedding' is a novel translated from the German of Conrad Ferdinand Meyer by Sarah H. Adams, which will be issued by Cupples & Hurd. The principal character in this is Dante, who is supposed to narrate the story—a daring attempt at verisimilitude, which is said to have been successful in the

original. The same firm has nearly ready also a 'Life of Matthew Calbraith Perry,' by the Rev. William Elliot Griffis, who says in his preface:

The canvas and the bronze, medal and national currency, multiplied biography and the orator's rhetoric keep alive the memory of the battle-scenes in which Commodore Oliver Hazard Perry figured so bravely and so well; but the deeds of the equally illustrious and, as some think, greater brother have hitherto rested untrumped in the dusty pigeon-holes and sepulchre-like archives of the Navy Department at Washington. The grandeur of a victory won without the firing of a shot or the loss of a life impresses only the reflective few. Hence the fame of Commodore Matthew Calbraith Perry has been overshadowed by that of the hero of Lake Erie, whose name is not infrequently confounded with that of his brother; the two are in many minds supposed to be one. Writers and index-makers entangle and confuse the pair, treating them as one person, making one the son of the other, or doing like fantastic violence to history. Several biographies of Oliver Hazard Perry have been written; none of Matthew Calbraith Perry has yet appeared. The collection of materials for the last-named work has been a labor of love with the writer, who, in a tongue other than his own, has heard Matthew Calbraith Perry spoken of reverently and with enthusiasm as the moral liberator of a nation. He can testify to the tenderness with which his memory is cherished in Japan, as well as in Africa, Mexico and America.

Carpenters and painters are busy with the new house of Cupples & Hurd, and when they have finished we shall have a sumptuous book-parlor overlooking the lovely Public Garden with its fountains and masses of flowers and swan-shaped boats. That is what it is to be—a parlor, not a shop, where the bibliophile will find costly bindings and choice editions, which he can examine before the open fire-place or in a corner of the old colonial windows.

Nothing seems more profuse in Boston at present than esoteric and occult literature. Looking over the periodical counters at the Old Corner Bookstore the other day, I was amazed at the number of periodicals devoted to the 'mind cure' and theosophy. Here in a group could be seen *The Christian Science Journal*, *The Theosophist*, *The Journal of Speculative Philosophy*, *Mental Healing* (a magazine, not a treatise), *The Proceedings of the Society for Psychical Research*, and *The Esoteric*, of which the first number only has appeared. We are all becoming rapidly psychologized; and the other day I saw a large sign across the basement of a South-end boarding-house proclaiming the existence of a 'College of Esoteric Culture'!

BOSTON, May 30, 1887.

WILLIAM H. RIDEING.

Summer Plans of Literary Workers.*

DR. LYMAN ABBOTT, editor of *The Christian Union*, spends his summers at home at Cornwall-on-Hudson, busily engaged in editorial work, but running off now and then to give a lecture or address at some assembly or other. He asks no pity, however, from those who camp among the black flies and the mosquitoes in the woods, or try to go to sleep through the noise of the band and the dances in the great hotels. In Dr. Abbott's opinion there is no resting-place so good for a hard-working man as his home, and he never would ask for any other, were it not that a restful home to the husband always means hard work for his wife. He hopes to finish this summer his 'Commentary on Romans,' if his editorial labors leave time enough for the meditative leisure necessary for Biblical interpretation.

Mr. Wm. T. Adams ('Oliver Optic') sailed on the City of Rome last week for a six weeks' tour in Europe. Soon after his return he will go to Minnesota, to live with his daughter, Mrs. Sol Smith Russell.

Prof. Henry A. Beers, of Yale, has rented an old farmhouse on the East Haven shore of New Haven Bay, and proposes to turn his six children out to grass—salt grass, at that. If the mosquitoes give him a chance, he may write out a few short stories which he has already sketched, but

which his work for the Chautauqua Reading Circle has prevented his putting on paper before.

Mr. O. B. Bunce will spend most of the time at the desk he has so long occupied as literary adviser to D. Appleton & Co., contenting himself as best he may with Sundays and perhaps Saturdays at his summer home on the Westchester shore of the Sound.

Mr. John Burroughs will spend a part of the present month camping-out in the Catskills, and July and a part of August in camping-out and tramping in the south-western part of Colorado.

Rev. John W. Chadwick is at present abroad, and will remain away six months, visiting England, Scotland and Wales, Holland and Belgium, France, Germany, Switzerland and Italy.

Prof. F. J. Child, of Harvard, will remain in Cambridge until September, at work on his monumental collection of English and Scottish Ballads.

Rev. Robert Collyer is going to Alameda, California, toward the end of June, to become a guest of his friend Mr. A. A. Cohen, with whom he will spend his vacation in wandering about in quest of cool and pleasant places. He hopes to have his volume of 'Lectures to Young Men, with Asides to Young Women' in the printers' hands before he starts. He will be absent till September.

Mr. Moncure D. Conway will pass the earlier part of the season on the Lower Rappahannock, visiting the old mansions and churches of the ancient gentry of his native region, overhauling clerks' offices and old pictures with a view to the completion of his history of that part of Virginia now current in *The Magazine of American History*. Later on, he and his family will occupy a cottage at Wiano, near Osterville, Cape Cod, where he trusts to give the finishing touches to a Life of Edmund Randolph on which he has been long engaged, and for which he has discovered a large number of original manuscripts of great historic interest.

Prof. Hiram Corson, of Cornell University, will go to England, where he will visit his friend, James Orchard Halliwell-Phillipps, Hollingbury Copse, near Brighton.

Mr. George Cary Eggleston, who is one of the hard workers, will devote the whole summer, if necessary, to the task of making the *Commercial Advertiser* the best paper in the United States. He took the only vacation of his life last fall, when he made a journey to the Pacific coast and the South. During the next few months he will try to get a day's fishing or yachting now and then; and will sometimes take a half-day in which to instruct his baby boy in the practical art of building sand-houses on some of the beaches near New York.

Rev. William Elliot Griffis, after the completion of his Life of Commodore Matthew C. Perry, will rest from his serious labors of the pen, spending July in Philadelphia and Washington and at the seashore, and August (after a pedestrian tour in the White Mountains) in 'Pilgrim Land'—Eastern Massachusetts, with the sea in sight.

Mr. John Habberton expects to 'summer' on top of one of the highest hills in Westchester Co., N. Y.—in other words, to remain at home in New Rochelle.

Mr. Henry Harland (Sidney Luska), the novelist, is hesitating between York on the coast of Maine, and Amagansett on the coast of Long Island; but he may possibly go to Nantucket or Lake George. As for work, he may start a short story or two, or even a novel; on the other hand, he may do nothing at all.

Col. Thomas W. Knox, who knows so well 'How to Travel,' is contemplating a voyage across the Atlantic and back for the voyage's sake, returning on the same steamer he goes over in. The greater part of the summer will be spent at the Olympic Club on Great South Bay, Long Island, where clams, blue-fish, and other salt-water products are sought and—sometimes—found. He will correct the proofs of two books now in the printer's hands, prepare a few short stories and sketches for *The Youth's Companion*

* Continued from THE CRITIC of May 28.

and other periodicals, and collect material for another volume of 'The Boy Travellers' Series.

Mr. Henry Charles Lea of Philadelphia will occupy his cottage at Cape May, N. J., reading the proof-sheets of his History of the Inquisition of the Middle Ages, which the Harpers have in press.

Mr. Benson J. Lossing will remain at home on Chestnut Ridge, Dutchess Co., N. Y., on the watershed between the Hudson and Housatonic Rivers, a thousand feet above tide-water. He will spend the dog-days in reading and correcting the proofs of his 'Empire State: A Compendious History of the Commonwealth of New York,' which Funk & Wagnalls will publish in the fall.

Mr. J. H. Morse, when the school-term is over, will go to his 'Summer Haven' home at Cotuit, Cape Cod, Mass., and there be blown upon by the 'spanking breezes' of Vineyard Sound. He always does a certain amount of miscellaneous writing there in the summer; but other work depends upon the weather-vane, and how the wind blows it about.

Mr. John Boyle O'Reilly is going with his family to his cottage at Hull. There he will write a poem for the Fourth of July celebration at Mr. Henry C. Bowen's place at Woodstock, Conn. Afterwards, he will prepare for the press a little book to be called 'The Country with a Roof'—a kind of dramatic allegory. He hopes to 'canoe' two rivers before the summer ends—probably the Housatonic and the Penobscot.

Mr. Edgar Saltus, who has just 'placed' a novel called 'Mr. Incoul's Misadventure' with Benjamin & Bell, hopes to get out of town in time to pass a few weeks in a house-boat on the Thames, after which he expects to be in San Sebastian, Spain, during the balance of the summer. He is at work on a novel, 'Madame Bravoura' by name, which will probably be ready early in the autumn.

Dr. Philip Schaff expects to spend July and August at Lake Mohonk, Ulster County, N. Y., and (we blush to record it) to read THE CRITIC there while sitting in the woods and listening to the singing of the birds.

Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe will probably remain throughout the season at her home in Hartford.

Mrs. Celia Thaxter's summers are spent at Appledore, Isles of Shoals. Just at present she has no literary work of consequence on hand.

Prof. Moses Coit Tyler, of Cornell, will remain at home until he has finished reading the proofs of his 'Patrick Henry,' in the American Statesmen Series, now in the printer's hands. After that he will plunge into the breakers somewhere on the Atlantic coast.

Gen. Lew Wallace will probably 'summer' in the mountains of New York, enjoying a vacation. At present he is examining old war records.

Mr. Charles Henry Webb ('John Paul') will spend most of the summer, as usual, sailing a cat-boat at Nantucket.

Spring and Civilization.

ALONG the streets I walked. The dusty glare
Of rude New York assailed my longing eyes;
And all seemed dead;—when, look! With sweet surprise
A Presence met me; and the golden hair
Of some strange, lovely being, unaware,
Drifted against my face, and happy sighs
Breathed round about me; while a bright surmise
Of gladdening days to come enwrapped me there.

Overhead, with stolid shock and thud, the trains
Ran on the hideous framework that destroys
Beauty and peace and quietness, and strains
Our nerves to madness. Yet, amid their noise,
I knew that Presence as a holy thing,
Even Civilization cannot kill the Spring.

GEORGE PARSONS LATHROP.

The Lounger

W. J. R. writes from Cambridgeport:—"Now that the blunders of school children are having their run owing to the popularity of 'English as She is Taught,' let me give you a good one (and a real one), told me by one of the most matter-of-fact of school-ma'ams. She asked one of her little girls to 'compare' the adjective *sick*, and the answer was given in this original and felicitous way: "Positive, *sick*; comparative, *better*; superlative, *well*." We should all prefer to have our personal *sick* "compared" in that comfortable direction, instead of in the regular grammatical way."

THE LATE Ben: Perley Poore had at least one thing to thank the press for, and that was for humoring the idiosyncrasy that prompted him to place a colon after the abbreviation of his first name. I have seen his name hundreds of times in as many different newspapers, but never without the deferential colon. You would have thought that at some time or other a hasty writer, or bothered compositor, or careless proof-reader would leave it out; but if the omission was ever made in the earlier stages of preparation for the press, it was discovered and rectified before the paper got before the public. When one thinks of the havoc made by the types with ordinary names, he cannot but wonder at the persistency with which this colon pursued Major Poore through a long and chequered journalistic career.

CECIL COUNTY, Maryland, has been harboring, unknown to the outer world, a whole nestful of cultivated song-birds. First and foremost of the brood was the late David Scott. But for him the world would still know nothing of Cecil's greatest men—if the vision and the faculty divine be taken, as I think they must, as the true test of human greatness. In announcing a volume of verses to be called 'The Poets and Poetry of Cecil County,' Mr. George Johnston, of Elkton, Md., says:—"It seems proper in this connection to say that the publication of the book was suggested by the desire of many of the friends of the late School Commissioner David Scott, to perpetuate his memory by the publication of his poems, which he was prevented from doing himself by unfortunate circumstances. The subscriber, who had been intimate with Mr. Scott for more than thirty years, undertook the work of collecting his poems." He soon found, however, that there weren't enough of them to fill a book, so the bright idea occurred to him of padding it out with selections from the poems of other Cecil County singers.

THE poets who are to go down to posterity in the promised volume are 'the late David Scott of John, David Scott of James, Tobias Rudolph, Zebulon Rudolph, William P. Ewing, Edwin E. Ewing, John Cooley, George W. Cruikshank, Rev. William Duke, John H. Kimble, Folger McKinsey, Hon. James McCauley, William J. Jones, Emma Alice Browne, Mrs. Sarah Hall (nee Ewing), Mrs. James McCormick (nee Ida Cameron), Mrs. John G. Siphers (nee A. A. Coale), Mrs. F. J. Darlington (nee Anna M. Biles), Mrs. John M. Ireland (nee Mary E. Haines), and six others.' Why Mrs. McCormick, Mrs. Darlington and Mrs. Ireland, if they were *née*—or 'nee,' as he puts it—Ida, Anna and Mary respectively, should ever have been christened, is a question that does not seem to have occurred to Mr. Johnston. That gentleman's work has been 'a labor of love, prompted by a desire to honor the memory of deceased friends, rather than to flatter the vanity of living writers'—an imputation calculated to offend his friend 'David Scott of James,' if he be not, like his namesake 'of John,' one of the 'deceased.' Mr. Johnston earnestly hopes, and so do I, 'that each of the teachers of the public schools of the County will subscribe for the book, and obtain at least four other subscribers,' thus insuring the publication of the book, and 'paying a well-deserved tribute to their friend, the late School Commissioner.'

I AM curious to see what fate awaits an attempt that is making in this city to provide temporary summer quarters for ladies of limited means. The Summer Rest Society—a new organization, of which Miss Davidge is President and Miss Griswold Treasurer—has leased a cottage at Paskack, Bergen Co., N. J., a village distant a little more than an hour from New York, and within six miles of Tuxedo. The house will be open after June 15. As it accommodates only ten persons, the period for which any boarder may remain has been fixed at three weeks, but this limit may be passed if there are no applicants awaiting admission. The price of board has been put so low as to be prohibitory to none but the absolutely destitute; and 'every comfort and care' is promised to those whose health has suffered from overwork. The first object of the Society is to provide a place of summer rest for ladies who depend upon their own exertions for their support. If success does not reward its efforts, it will not be for reasons similar to those

which led to the closing of the Woman's Hotel which Mr. Stewart founded in New York, but which his heirs turned to more profitable uses. Applicants for admission—I hope there will be many of them—are referred to Mrs. A. G. Speyers, 415 W. 23d Street, and Mrs. C. G. Taylor, 107 W. 11th Street.

APROPOS of nothing, a friend sends me the following from 'Archie Armstrong's Banquet of Jests,' a humorous thesaurus printed in Edinburgh in 1641. The first stanza is addressed by 'A Parson to his Sweetheart,' and the second contains her reply—a companion-piece to that of the canny 'Sir' upon whom 'My Pretty Maid' so neatly turned the tables in the nursery-rhyme:

'My Person is divine,
My parsonage fat and faire;
Come joyne thy love with mine,
We'll make a loving paire.'
'Your person is divine
Your parsonage during life,
And when the Parson's gone,
Whoope! where's the parson's wife?'

A FRIEND of mine who likes queer reading picked up a little yellow covered pamphlet at a book-stall, recently, for ten cents out of which he got more than ten cents' worth of amusement. The pamphlet belongs to a series called the White Cross Library, and the title of this particular number is 'The Law of Success.' On the page next to the cover are to be found some words of explanation, and from these we learn that the Library is 'a semi-monthly system of publication showing how results may be obtained in all business and art, through the force of thought and silent power of mind.' Then there is a list of the numbers issued since May 1, 1886, and for further particulars we are told to apply to the publisher in Boston. Then follows a long dash showing that White Cross Library affairs end there. The next paragraph informs us that the wife of the publisher, at the same address, 'will treat mentally for sickness,' and that she pays special attention 'to diseased or unsettled minds.' So much for the woman's speciality. Then comes the husband again, who, laying aside the cares of publishing,

will receive pupils immediately at the same address, for tuition in Painting by a new system of Art Culture. Mr. ———'s method is based on the truth that a certain power of thought can be applied to the bringing out of any one, whatever talent may be latent within him or herself. Any person who really loves the beautiful in Nature, has within him or her the power to express that beauty by brush, chisel, tongue, pen, or otherwise. The teacher by this system does not fetter the pupil by any set system of rules: he aims, instead, to encourage such pupil to bring his talent out of himself, and work by the rules his own genius has given him.

I came near forgetting an important point: 'Terms for the course of twelve lessons, \$25; general instructions in this system by mail, \$5.'

The Fine Arts

Some Recent Art Works.*

MR. COLLIER makes the mistake so often made by people unused to writing, who know their subject-matter thoroughly: he is unable to account for other people's ignorance of it (1). He thinks that everybody should—and, in fact, does—see nature as he does, in definite patches of distinct colors or values. If that were the case, it would be very little trouble to learn to paint; but it usually takes the student three or four years to learn to see nature in that way. Supposing, however, that the reader has got beyond that point, he should be warned against Mr. Collier's palette, which contains an undue proportion of hot and warm colors, and with which, to render the difference of values observable in nature, one must be constantly mixing black or white with his other pigments. When, again, he says that the operation of 'laying in' a painting, as he describes it on pages 16 and 17, is one of great tediousness, the student may be assured that, if he finds it so, he had better give up painting. But these and such like faults should not deter any one who has had some practice under a good teacher from reading the book. He will find many useful hints in the first part, on Practice, and much that is suggestive in the second part, on Theory.

Mr. Van Dyke has been at pains to write a book of nearly three hundred pages (2) to prove what no one will dispute—that each age, including our own, has produced the variety of art best suited

historical method, showing that pre-historical Europe, Egypt, to its own needs and conditions. This he attempts first by the Greece and Rome, mediæval Europe, Europe of the Renaissance and our modern world, each has, or has had, an art in some respects peculiar to itself. In the second place, he tries by *a priori* reasoning to show that our modern art is the best possible art for us. Though Mr. Van Dyke's conclusions are, as a rule, sound, as much cannot be said of his arguments, nor of the generalizations on which they are based. Still, for people who wish to get a smattering of the history and philosophy of art—and these, just now, are legion—this book will answer better than most books of its class, its author having appropriated, not without acknowledgment, much that is useful from the writings of Taine, Goethe, Ruskin, Rio, Lübke, J. A. Symonds and others.

'An Introduction to Greek Sculpture' (3) seems to have been intended to serve as a guide to persons about to form, for public or private use, a small but comprehensive collection of casts from the antique. At least, it would serve this purpose admirably; so that, while the handbook of the Boston Museum shows what such a collection, into which stray marbles and casts of Assyrian and Egyptian works of no particular importance are sure to find a way, is likely to become when formed, this little book gives a fair idea of what it might and should be. It will, consequently, be found useful by many readers who will never consult its lists of photographers and plaster-cast makers, because of its systematic account of the principal periods of Greek art and of their remaining monuments. It is, however, a fault that nothing but monumental art is treated of. There is not a word of the charming Tanagra statuettes, though space might easily have been made for a short but useful article on them by omitting needless descriptions of Roman works supposed to be copies of Greek originals.

The Boston Museum of Fine Arts has issued a new Catalogue of casts (4), made necessary by recent additions, which is a model of intelligent arrangement and condensed information. The title of each statue or relief is followed by an account, derived from authentic sources, of the finding of the original, of its condition when discovered, and of the restorations to which it has been subjected. Notes, in larger type, giving a general account of the subject, are appended for the benefit of art students. The book has been written by Edward Robinson, Curator of Classical Antiquities, and is printed for the Museum by Alfred Mudge & Son.

An admirable little book of its kind is 'The Use of Models' (5). Its object is to show teachers how they may, with the aid of a few models—of sphere, cylinder, cube and the like—and a little modelling clay, make children practically acquainted with the properties of these solids and of their various surfaces. It also shows, both by text and drawings, that a great number of things, both in nature and in art, are easily reducible to these simple forms.

A Question for Editors.

[The Saturday Review.]

MANY and just complaints have been uttered, both in public and in private, of the foulness which has recently disfigured the columns of the daily newspapers, almost without exception. The sentiment of every decent man and woman in the country has been well expressed this week by one of the few real politico-satirical artists known to the public—the gentleman who designs the cartoons in *Moonshine*. Side by side with him is to be found our esteemed contemporary *The Spectator*, to whom it is a real, though rare, pleasure to be saying ditto. The genesis of the pest is not far to seek. Owing principally to the scandalous faint-heartedness of the powers that be, as represented by the combination of the permanent officials of the Metropolitan Police with Lord Salisbury's first Ministry in general and Lord Cross in particular, a notorious person was enabled to prove by experiment that it was possible for a widely-read journal to be prostituted to the uses of Holywell Street with practical impunity. His rivals were not slow to take the hint. From that day the quality of the reports of trials where indecent topics had to be investigated deteriorated—and their bulk expanded—steadily and rapidly. It is difficult to suppose that things can get much worse than they are now. It must be presumed that editors and managers believe that this sort of publication does not materially diminish the number of their customers, and does materially increase it. At any rate they refuse to be left behind in the race, and newspapers which two years ago were not only the best in the world, but the most respectable in the best sense of the word, now daily deserve the fate suggested in Mr. Proctor's picture.

To fill the newspaper of a clean-minded man, much more of a clean-minded woman, with elaborate details of disgusting stories is to give just and serious cause of complaint. To pander to the nasty vices of those who enjoy reading such stuff is more repre-

* 1. A Manual of Oil Painting. By the Hon. John Collier. \$1. New York: Cassell & Co. 2. Principles of Art. By John C. Van Dyck. \$1.50. New York: Ford, Howard & Hulbert. 3. An Introduction to Greek Sculpture. By L. E. Upcott. \$1.10. New York: Macmillan & Co. 4. Descriptive Catalogue of the Casts of Greek and Roman Sculptures in the Boston Museum of Fine Arts. 5. The Use of Models. By Mary D. Hicks and John S. Clark. Boston: Prang Educational Co.

hensible conduct still. It is unnecessary to demonstrate the fact that indecent publications give offence to well-behaved people under whose notice they are brought. It is the universal experience of civilization—and the criminal courts have for some time renewed and confirmed that experience in the most striking manner for those that have eyes to see—that such publications are deleterious in a high degree to persons who are not well behaved. On both these grounds publications of the kind in question ought to be rigorously prevented by the law wherever that can be successfully accomplished, and effectively discouraged by the moral sentiment of the public outside the proper scope of legal interference. The present condition of things, including the immediate cause already referred to, could not have occurred in a thoroughly healthy state of society. The doctrine and practice that everybody is to be free to do and say exactly what he pleases, at least as long as he abstains from personal violence, has in modern times ceased to be tolerance, and become shameful flabbiness. The English nation urgently requires to be braced up to a recognition of the fact that a general mild tolerance of wrong things—mildly described as things of which we do not ourselves approve, or with which we do not ourselves agree—can lead in the long run to nothing but the breaking up of law, the destruction of civil order, and the retrogression of civilized society into a condition of barbarous and contemptible anarchy. One would think that this truth was made clear enough by the results of tolerating treason, oppression, and theft in Ireland; but even in such smaller matters as that with which we are now immediately concerned, it is best to recognize that the besetting sin of the century is at the root of this difficulty, as of almost all others. That besetting sin is the exaggeration of tolerance, and it has its origin in sloth, reluctance to take trouble, and the habit of refusing, from a mixture of dishonesty and cowardice, to acknowledge the truth of what is true but unpleasant.

One result of the general slackness of moral fibre which, owing partly to our system of party government, has perhaps invaded the authorities of the State to a greater extent than any other definite set of people, has been to throw an enormous responsibility upon the editors of great newspapers. The power they have of depraving the public conscience is incalculable. However keenly you may know that the publication of certain matters is wrong, it is almost impossible to preserve undiminished the feeling of moral indignation which it arouses when you find that such publications are eagerly and unblushingly set out every morning for weeks together by all the best daily journals. And these editors have not the excuse that they cannot afford to leave out what other people publish. Can it really be supposed that the receipts of any one of the half-dozen great papers, one or more of which everybody reads, would be considerably or materially lessened by the purification of their columns? Is it possible that a considerable proportion of the purchasers of such a paper buy it when it is dirty because it is dirty, in order to gloat over the revolting matter it contains, and if it were not to be dirty would buy something else? Even if it is so, there would unquestionably be a considerable gain to balance the loss; for no family man can enjoy either destroying his newspaper or leaving it about his house in the condition in question. But beyond this an editor who rigidly excluded reports 'unfit for publication,' as they used to be excluded a few years ago, would unquestionably gain in moral influence and in good repute, and these have their money value. It is not too much to ask that the editors of the very small number of newspapers which practically monopolize the market of daily journalism should agree among themselves to put an end to a disgraceful state of things, even if it were inevitable that their virtue should be its own and only reward. It is satisfactory to see slight signs of voluntary and independent amendment in one or two quarters, but it is probable that nothing short of a deliberate combination will effect all that is wanted. When it is considered how few are the hands in which the power rests and how absolute that power is, there seems to be no valid excuse for hesitation in exercising it.

The True Story of "Pickwick."

[F. G. K. in Temple Bar.]

PERHAPS no work in Literature, certainly none in Fiction, can lay claim to a more interesting history than that attending the production of the 'Pickwick Papers' of Charles Dickens. On the 31st of March, 1836, this great epic 'began putting forth monthly those two green leaves from England's famous tree,' and it was completed in November of the following year, just fifty years ago.

In tracing the origin of 'Pickwick,' we find that it followed closely on the heels of those remarkable delineations of cockney life and London scenes known as 'Sketches by Boz,' the work of a youthful genius whose progress in life, at that time, was so heavily handicapped by a multitude of adverse circumstances. During the

production of these remarkable 'Sketches,' and the greater portion of 'Pickwick,' young Charles Dickens resided in chambers in Fumival's Inn, Holborn, the building then occupied by him thus becoming one of those literary landmarks of which London has reason to be proud. A well-known American writer, Mr. N. P. Willis, once wrote an account of a visit paid by him, in these early days, to Dickens's chambers, accompanied by Mr. Macrone, who was then publishing the 'Sketches.' He says that he ascended 'a long flight of stairs to an upper story, and was ushered into an uncarpeted, bleak-looking room, with a deal table, two or three chairs, and a few books, a small boy and Mr. Dickens for the contents.' He seems to have been particularly struck by the obsequiousness of Dickens towards his employer, whose visit had apparently quite overpowered him! and proceeds to describe the personal appearance of the author of 'Pickwick.' According to his version, the young writer very much resembled his own portrayal of Dick Swiveller, 'minus the swell look, for, with close-cropped hair, scant clothes, and a ragged office-coat which was exchanged for a shabby blue one, he stood by the door, collarless and buttoned up, the very personification of a close sailer to the wind.' We accept these details with considerable caution, for, relying upon statements emanating from more authentic sources, we learn that Dickens, at the time referred to, was in receipt of a handsome salary for his duties as a reporter on the staff of the *Morning Chronicle*, and always dressed himself in a showy and expensive style.

One of the most astounding facts in connection with 'Pickwick' is the extreme juvenility of its author when it was written. He says that he was a young man of two or three-and-twenty, when Messrs. Chapman & Hall, then newly started in business, waited upon him with a proposition that something should be published monthly in shilling numbers, and that the 'monthly something' should be a vehicle for certain plates to be executed by an artist named Seymour, whose humorous delineation of Cockney sporting life had become famous. The idea propounded to Dickens was, that a 'Nimrod Club' the members of which were to go out shooting, fishing, and so forth, and getting themselves into difficulties through their want of dexterity, would be the best means of introducing Seymour's designs. But Dickens preferred that the plates should arise naturally out of the text, thus giving him a freer range of English scenes and people. 'My views,' said he, 'being deferred to, I thought of Mr. Pickwick, and wrote the first number, from the proof sheets of which Mr. Seymour made his drawing of the club, and that happy portrait of its founder, by which he is always recognized, and which may be said to have made him a reality. I connected Mr. Pickwick with a club because of the original suggestion, and I put in Mr. Winkle expressly for the use of Mr. Seymour.'

The earliest notification the public received of the intended publication of 'Pickwick' was by means of the following advertisement in the *Times*, March 26th, 1836:—

THE PICKWICK PAPERS.—On the 31st of March will be published, to be continued monthly, price One Shilling, the first number of the POSTHUMOUS PAPERS OF THE PICKWICK CLUB, containing a faithful record of the Perambulations, Perils, Travels, Adventures, and Sporting Transactions of the Corresponding Members. Edited by Boz. Each Monthly Part embellished with four Illustrations by Seymour. Chapman and Hall, 186 Strand; and of all Booksellers.

Each number was issued in a green wrapper, having an appropriate design by Seymour, representing scenes of fishing, shooting, and groups of sporting implements. The first part contained twenty-four pages of text and four illustrations, an arrangement which did not entirely commend itself to those engaged in its production. Before the question of alteration could be discussed, a melancholy event happened—the death of Seymour by his own hand. With the second number an Address to the public was issued, in which this sad fact was announced; an apology was offered for the appearance of that number with only three plates, and a promise made that the succeeding numbers should be presented on an improved plan. This promise was accordingly fulfilled, for the quantity of letterpress was increased to thirty-two pages, and the number of plates diminished to two, in every monthly part.

The publishers, who experienced much difficulty in finding a suitable successor to Seymour, succeeded in engaging the services of Mr. R. W. Buss, who, as events quickly proved, was unable to cope with the technicalities of the art of etching, and this resulted in the failure and prompt cancelling of the two plates produced by him when only a few copies had been circulated. This incompetency on the part of Buss created a fresh vacancy for an illustrator, and it is interesting to learn that an application for the post was made by Thackeray, who, if successful, thought it would prove an admirable opportunity for following his favorite pursuit. Fortunately for him and for the world he failed to procure the position he so ardently desired, otherwise it is more than probable that 'Vanity Fair,' would have been lost to us, and 'Esmond' never have

been written; his failure as an artist luckily determined him to adopt literature as a profession. The other and successful competitor was Hablot K. Browne, whose soubriquet of 'Phiz' is familiar to all readers of Dickens, Ainsworth, and Lever; and it is recorded that when he was selected as the illustrator of the 'Pickwick Papers,' his generous rival was the first to tell him the good news, and to offer his congratulations.

'Phiz's' instinctive grasp of the thought and style of his famous colleague proved invaluable, and from the 'Pickwick' days until nearly the end of the series of Dickens's novels he continued to thoroughly identify himself with those inimitable creations. It is indeed greatly due to the artist that the characters and scenes therein are so firmly grafted on our memories. As Seymour was the originator, in a pictorial sense, of the ever-popular Mr. Pickwick, so was 'Phiz' the designer of the immortal Sam Weller. The illustration in which Sam is first represented, in the act of cleaning boots, was the result of 'Phiz's' initial effort, although three other designs which he subsequently etched appear prior to this.

The publishers of 'Pickwick' sent out, 'on sale or return,' fifteen hundred copies of each of the first five numbers to all parts of the provinces, but the only result was an average sale of fifty copies of each number! The publication was practically a failure, and it was seriously debated whether it should be discontinued or not. In the fourth number Sam Weller had appeared on the scene, and fortunately at this juncture, attracted great attention, calling forth great admiration by the freshness and originality of the conception. Sam was received with acclamation by all, and rose to an unheard of popularity. The sale of the ensuing numbers suddenly increased, and at the completion of the work it had attained to forty thousand copies! Messrs. Chapman & Hall were naturally very much gratified by this improved state of affairs, for 'Pickwick' was saved from ruin; and when the twelfth number was reached they sent the author a cheque for 500*l.*, as a practical expression of their gratification. During the publication of the work Dickens received, from the same source, several cheques, amounting to 3,000*l.*, in addition to the fifteen guineas per number which it was agreed should be paid him. It was understood at the time that Messrs. Chapman & Hall made a clear profit of nearly 20,000*l.* by the sale of the 'Pickwick Papers,' after paying author's expenses.

Sam Weller was obviously the turning point in Dickens's fortune, and probably such extraordinary success strengthened the author's determination to live by his pen, a course which has been more than justified. His prospects having considerably improved, he married, and removed from Furnival's Inn to more congenial quarters in Doughty Street, from whence is dated the dedication of 'Pickwick' to his friend Mr. Serjeant-Talfourd, M. P.

The course of 'Pickwick' did not run smoothly, for, as we have already stated, there was, in the beginning of its career, a panic caused by the suicide of Seymour, followed by the failure of Buss as an illustrator, and, lastly, the apparent probability of the failure of the work itself, a result most happily averted. Before many more numbers had been issued Dickens was greatly affected by the terribly sudden death of his sister-in-law, to whom he was most tenderly attached. He was so much prostrated by this domestic affliction that for two months he was unable to continue the work, which was necessarily suspended during that time. In consequence of false rumors having reached him respecting the reason of this enforced delay, he issued an address in the fifteenth number, which he considered was 'rendered necessary by various idle speculations and absurdities' that had been propagated. 'By one set of intimate acquaintances, especially well informed, he has been killed outright; by another, driven mad; by a third, imprisoned for debt; by a fourth, sent per steamer to the United States; by a fifth, rendered incapable of any mental exertion for evermore—by all, in short, represented as doing anything but seeking in a few weeks' retirement the restoration of that cheerfulness and peace of mind which a sad bereavement had temporarily deprived him.'

The twentieth and last number of 'Pickwick' was published in November, 1837. The months during which these twenty numbers were issued were eventful ones in Dickens's life. They saw the rise of his fame and fortune, his marriage, the birth of his first child (the present Charles Dickens, who recently edited a Jubilee Edition of the 'Pickwick Papers'), and his first great grief; and they left famous the young man who previously was almost unknown.

A few words must be said about the illustrations. Seymour completed only seven plates, four of which appeared in the first number, and three in the second. Buss succeeded him with two plates, entitled respectively 'The Cricket Match' and 'The Fat Boy Awakes,' which, as has been related, were suppressed immediately after publication. They have been severely criticised on account of poverty of execution; but the artist was not altogether at fault, for he worked under great and unforeseen difficulties, being quite

unfamiliar with the technique of the etching process. The artist's son, in explaining the circumstances connected with Buss's engagement, states that a member of the firm of Chapman & Hall pressed him very much to undertake the work, and promised him consideration for want of practice. After much persuasion he consented to put aside the picture he was preparing for exhibition, and began to experiment with various operations of etching and 'biting in,' producing a plate with which the publishers expressed themselves satisfied. The two subjects named above having been selected, Buss ventured to draw them upon the plate, but, owing to his inexperience, the etching ground was not properly prepared, and broke up under the needle point. Time was precious, and, nervously afraid of disappointing the publishers and the public, the plates were put into the hands of an experienced engraver to be etched. Buss therefore is responsible only for the designs, as not a line of them was etched by him, and consequently the touch of the original work was wanting. No opportunity was given him of issuing fresh plates of his own production, for he promptly received an intimation that the work of illustrating the 'Pickwick Papers' had been placed in other hands. It is interesting to learn that the price paid for each plate was fifteen shillings.

'Phiz' was also unaccustomed to the precarious process of 'biting in' the plates. When they had reached that stage he handed them over to Mr. Robert Young, who, in earlier days, was a fellow-pupil with him at Finden's the engraver, and who readily undertook that portion of the work, both on that occasion and for the subsequent writings by the same pen. The first two plates, out of the total number of thirty-four produced by 'Phiz,' were indistinctly signed 'Nemo.' Other artists have availed themselves of the opportunity afforded them by the various characters and scenes described in 'Pickwick' by designing additional plates and woodcuts, for sale in a separate form. Among these 'extra illustrations' may be named those executed by 'Crowquill,' Onwhyn, Heath, Sir John Gilbert, R. A., Sibson, and 'Phiz' himself, most of which are very rare and eagerly sought after by the collector. The latest set of new plates were recently designed by F. W. Pailthorpe, a certain number being colored by hand.

An attempt is frequently made to trace the originals of the characters in any great work of fiction. So far as 'Pickwick' is concerned, we learn that Seymour (whose first conception of the founder of the club was that of a long thin man) availed himself of a description given by Mr. Chapman of a friend of his named John Forster, afterwards Dickens's friend and biographer, and represented as 'a fat old beau who would wear, in spite of the ladies' protests, drab tights and black gaiters,' and who lived at Richmond. This is Mr. Pickwick as we know him. The origin of his name may be traced to that of a Bath coachman, for it is recorded that Dickens rushed into the publisher's office one day exclaiming, 'I've got it. Moses Pickwick, Bath, Coach-master.' He had seen that name painted on the door of a stage-coach which had just passed along the street. In the story, Samuel was substituted for Moses. It has been suggested that Mr. Pickwick took his name from an English village of that name; but the former theory is undoubtedly correct, and receives corroboration in the form of an obituary notice published in a provincial newspaper in 1838, announcing the decease, at Bath, 'of Mr. Eleazor Pickwick, the well-known West of England Coach Proprietor,' a contemporary, if not a relative, of the Moses Pickwick mentioned above.

Some writers affirm that Sam Weller's living prototype was a character named Simon Spatterdash (in Samuel Beazley's play, called 'The Boarding House'), 'a local militiaman, whose chief peculiarity lay in his quaint sayings and out-of-the-way comparisons.' The part was taken by a low comedian named Samuel Vale; and it is argued that 'Weller' is a form of 'Veller,' and the latter a comparative form of Vale. Weller is not an uncommon name, and it is more than probable that Dickens borrowed it from his nurse, whose maiden name was Weller. That lady, who afterwards married a Mr. Gibson, a shipwright in Chatham Dockyard, is, we believe, still living. The Granby Head in High Street, Chatham, was kept at one time by a Thomas Weller, and the transitions from Tommy Weller to Tony Weller (Sam's respected parent), and Granby Head to Marquis of Granby, are not very violent ones, and incline us to the belief that the real origin of the inn and its master must be looked for at Chatham. Mrs. Lynn Linton, who once lived at Gad's Hill Place, says that 'old Mr. Weller was a real person, and we know him. He was "Old Chumley" in the flesh, and drove the stage daily from Rochester to London and back again . . . the good-natured, red-faced old fellow.' Tony, as in the case of other characters portrayed by the great novelist, is probably the representative of a type rather than of an individual.

We are enabled to throw some light, for the first time, on the origin of some of the minor characters in 'Pickwick.' During the interval (1827-8) spent by Dickens as a clerk in the office of Messrs.

Ellis & Blackmore, lawyers, of Gray's Inn, he availed himself of such a favorable opportunity of observing the distinctive peculiarities of lawyers, their clerks and clients. Unmistakable portraits of many with whom he thus came in contact may be discovered in the pages of 'Pickwick.' Mr. Blackmore, the junior partner of the firm, believed that the character of Perker was intended for his colleague Mr. Ellis, for he certainly possessed some of Perker's peculiarities, especially that of being an inveterate snuff-taker. One of Dickens's fellow-clerks at that time, who is now carrying on a legal practice in the provinces, has no doubt that he is the articulated clerk described in the 30th chapter, and that Dickens himself is the office lad in his first surlout. Another colleague, named Potter, was the salaried clerk, and had previously figured in one of the 'Sketches by Boz,' entitled 'Making a Night of It.'

Some years after the publication of 'Pickwick' in its entirety Charles Dickens was subjected to great annoyance by an absurd claim, made by the widow of Seymour, that the work was originated by that artist. She even ventured to publish a pamphlet, in which she endeavored to show the fallacy of Dickens's statements respecting his share of the undertaking, asserting that 'Mr. Dickens edited a work called the "Pickwick Papers," which was originated solely by my husband in the summer of 1835, and but for a cold (which brought on a severe illness) which he caught on Lord Mayor's Day, on taking his children to view the procession from the Star Chamber, would have been written, as well as embellished, by himself; this cause alone prevented him from doing so, as the numerous periodicals he was constantly engaged upon had greatly accumulated during his illness.' Many years after, Seymour's son revived the calumny, when Dickens at once wrote a crushing reply to *The Athenaeum*, emphatically denying the truth of the imputation, and, in a letter to his eldest son a few days later, he said that he had never so much as seen Seymour but once in his life, and that was some eight-and-twenty hours before the artist's death. The accuracy of this was confirmed by his wife and his brother Frederick, who were present at that short interview with Seymour.

It was not of 'Pickwick,' but of 'Oliver Twist,' that George Cruikshank used to claim the origin. He used to get very angry on this point, and wrote letters to the newspapers about it.

The enthusiastic fervor with which 'Pickwick' was received could not be ignored. Tradesmen on the look-out for novelties took the hint, and presently Pickwick chintzes figured in linen-draper's windows, Weller corduroys in breeches-makers' advertisements, and the Pickwick cigar—known to this day as the Penny Pickwick—was introduced, as a compliment to our author, by a London tobacco manufacturer. Then there were Pickwick clubs (of the convivial sort), Pickwick hats, Pickwick canes, with tassels, and Pickwick coats of peculiar cut and color. Boz cabs rattled through the streets, and even now may be purchased both Pickwick cigar-lights and Pickwick pens. This popularity is indicated in other ways, for there are at least nine plays founded on 'Pickwick,' and the song of the Ivy Green is the subject of five different musical adaptations. The book and its author were however subjected to a less pleasing form of popularity, for certain 'gutter-blood hacks' availed themselves of such prosperity by issuing numerous works pirating and plagiarising Dickens's masterpiece. No less than fourteen of these productions were published, relating, in a greater or less degree, to 'Pickwick,' and they included 'The Posthumous Papers of the Cadgers' Club,' 'The Posthumous Papers of the Wonderful Discovery Club,' 'The Posthumous Notes of the Pickwickian Club,' 'Pickwick in America,' and 'Pickwick, Abroad; or, the Tour in France.' The author of the last-named work is G. W. M. Reynolds, who there professed to record the further adventures and subsequent marriage of the hero. Dickens naturally resented such audacity, and finally succeeded in check-mating the publishers.

'Pickwick,' at the outset, met with the same fate as that which attends the publication of almost every work, namely, adverse criticism. It is amusing to read, in these days, the various predictions as to its fate and that of our author. A *Quarterly* reviewer availed himself of Tom Paine's familiar prophecy, that the writer had risen like a rocket and would come down like the stick; many other critics wrote disparagingly of the work, and some would not acknowledge or recognise the humor of Sam Weller. A leading American journalist, Mr. Richard Grant White, has described Mr. Pickwick's body-servant as 'a monster, as monstrous as those human forms with wings that we call angels, or those horses with long spiral horns growing from their foreheads that we call unicorns.' Another transatlantic critic inquires, 'What man, capable of refinement, would choose to be a buffoon?' and suspects such a man as he who calls himself by such 'a mountebank designation as "Boz" to be some clown of a circus or bear-garden, escaped from his employer.' 'What right,' he asks, 'has he that we should suppose him anything better than a Jack-Pudding of a drunken club?'

When the ninth number had appeared, *The Athenaeum* informed its readers that the 'Pickwick Papers' were made up of 'two pounds of Smollett, three ounces of Sterne, a handful of Hook, a dash of a grammatical Pierce Egan,—incidents at pleasure, served with original sauce *piquante*.' A reviewer in *Fraser's Magazine* called Mr. Pickwick 'an idiotic lump of bland blockheadism,' and 'principal jackass in a club of jackasses.' A writer in the *Dublin Review* had a serious quarrel with the 'Pickwick Papers,' condemning it as being 'not only thoroughly vulgar, but grovelling,' and complaining of its 'pot-house flavor.' 'We hold it,' continues this critic, 'a public misfortune that a book in which a habit admitted by public opinion to be vile and demoralizing, and which is likewise a deadly sin, is treated jocularly, as good fun, and without a hint of its danger and disgrace, should be so widely popular as the "Pickwick Papers." It seems that some of our author's acquaintance joined in this outcry, for he afterwards wrote, "My friends told me it was a low, cheap form of publication, by which I should ruin all my rising hopes; and how right my friends turned out to be, everybody now knows."

The effect of such discouraging opinions was considerably counteracted by the success of 'Pickwick,' which was real and everywhere noticeable. 'Judges on the bench and boys in the street, gravity and folly, the young and the old, those who were entering life and those who were quitting it, alike found it to be irresistible.' Thomas Carlyle told Mr. Forster the anecdote of a solemn clergyman who had been administering ghostly consolation to a sick person, and who, as he left the room, heard the sick person ejaculate, 'Well, thank God, "Pickwick" will be out in ten days, any way!' Mary Russell Mitford, in a letter to a friend advising her to borrow the 'Pickwick Papers,' informed her that 'Sir Benjamin Brodie takes it to read in his carriage, between patient and patient; and Lord Denman studies "Pickwick" on the bench while the jury are deliberating.' Lord Chief Justice Campbell once told Dickens that he would prefer the honor of having written that book to the honors which his professional exertions had obtained for him; and Harriet Martineau considered it to be scarcely surpassable in humor.

During the twelve years succeeding the novelist's death more than four million volumes of his works were sold in England alone, and a long way the first on this astonishing list stands 'Pickwick!' Nor has Mr. Pickwick's popularity been confined to English-speaking people; for translations have been published, from time to time, in France, Germany, Italy, Russia, Sweden, Hungary, Holland, Denmark, and probably in many other European if not Asiatic countries. In 1838, the year following the completion of the first English edition, it was pirated in Van Diemen's Land, and there issued with lithographed copies of the original illustrations. In England, 'Pickwick' has gone through many editions, the cheapest being that recently offered to the public by an enterprising firm of stationers at the price of one penny! The first issue is naturally the rarest and most valuable, and a perfect set of the twenty parts, as issued, fetches an almost prohibitive price. The sum of 28*l.* was recently paid, in the sale rooms, by an enthusiastic collector for such a copy, which is nearly unique in respect to condition and general perfection.

An examination of a number of copies of presumably first editions of 'Pickwick' results in the discovery that each varies somewhat from the other. This is especially noticeable in the illustrations; and it can be readily understood when it is explained that the enormous demand for impressions necessitated the re-etching of the plates, which showed signs of deterioration after a certain number had been printed. When 'Phiz,' for this reason, reproduced his designs, he availed himself of that opportunity of improving them, both in composition and detail. The first impressions may be distinguished from those which followed by the absence of engraved titles, and collectors must be careful to observe that the original parts should contain the Seymour and Buss plates as etched by those artists, and not merely the reproductions by 'Phiz.'

In concluding this brief *résumé* of the history of 'Pickwick,' we cannot resist noting the various changes in our social life which have occurred during the half-century that has elapsed since the completion of the work, nor fail to observe how the physiognomy of the London streets, as described in its pages, differs from the London of to-day. 'In the interests of the study of the history of civilization,' writes Mr. Sala, 'it is well worth the while of the inquirer—leaving, for the nonce, the literary merits of the performance entirely on one side—to plod carefully through the pages of 'Pickwick,' and mark the many and important changes which have taken place in our national manners since the book made its appearance.' It is the fashion to decry Dickens, and to predict that 'Pickwick,' in consequence of these alterations in our social customs, will lose its hold upon public favor; but we venture to agree with Mr. Sala, when he says that 'there are people who, like the

face of the Queen on the postage stamps, never grow older. They are eternal; for they are the children of Genius; and it matters little if the portrait of Mr. Pickwick were surmounted by a towering periwig, or encircled by an Elizabethan ruff, or draped in a Roman toga, it would still be one of those portraits which break Time's heart, and make Death gnaw his bony digits in despair.

Notes

MR. EDGAR EVERTSON SALTUS, author of 'The Philosophy of Disenchantment' and other pessimistic works, has taken a step in a new direction, and written a novel which Benjamin & Bell will publish. It is called 'Mr. Incoul's Misadventure,' and is said to be quite as clever and quite as pessimistic as anything that Mr. Saltus has written.

—Walt Whitman's receipts from all sources during the past year are said to have amounted to \$1,600.

—Mr. Cable will deliver an address at Vanderbilt University, Nashville, Tenn., on the 14th inst., and at Northampton, Mass., on the 17th.

—Mr. G. W. Harlan, who made many friends in this city, a few years ago, while carrying on an unprosperous publishing business here, has become manager of the commercial lithograph department of the art publishing-house of L. Prang & Co., of Boston.

—'Life Notes; or, Fifty Years' Outlook,' by Rev. Dr. William Hague, a Baptist clergyman who has held numerous charges in Boston, Providence, Washington and New York State, is announced by Lee & Shepard. Dr. Hague was an old acquaintance of Emerson's.

—Mrs. Danske Dandridge writes from Shepherdstown, W. Va., under date of May 27:—'With reference to a poem entitled 'The Dead Moon,' and signed by my name, in the June number of *The American Magazine*, I would like to say that I am not responsible for it in its present form. It has received a great many alterations since it left my hands, which have entirely changed its character, and I desire to deprecate criticism until I publish my own version of the poem.' Mrs. Dandridge sends us a manuscript copy of the poem, which varies considerably from the published version of which she complains.

—A sale of considerable interest to book-lovers and connoisseurs will be that of the library, autographs and water-colors of Mr. Henri Pène du Bois, by Geo. A. Leavitt & Co., from Monday June 13 to Tuesday June 22, inclusive. Mr. Du Bois is a well-known bibliophile, and has been the New York correspondent of *Le Livre* for several years.

—D. C. Heath & Co., of Boston, have been made the American agents for the London *Journal of Education*, a monthly record and review.

—The new volume of 'The Encyclopædia Britannica,' to appear this month, will contain among its literary articles, 'The Sonnet,' by Theodore Watts; 'Sophocles,' by Prof. Campbell; 'Spanish Literature,' by Morel Fatio, whom *The Athenæum* pronounces to be the first Spanish scholar in Europe; 'Swedish Literature,' by Edmund Gosse; and 'Syriac Literature,' by Prof. Wright.

—*Christian Thought* for June, which closes the fourth volume, contains a paper by Prof. Borden P. Bowen, entitled 'Logic and Life,' which is described as 'a study in the natural history of belief.'

—Mr. Julian Hawthorne has made an arrangement with Inspector Byrnes, Chief of the Detective Bureau of New York, by which he is to have free access to the notebooks of the latter, for the purpose of obtaining material for a series of 'detective stories' to be published by Cassell & Co. These stories will be founded upon facts startling in themselves, and which, we may feel pretty sure, will suffer nothing in passing through the hands of a skilled novelist and romancer. The first result of this novel partnership, 'A Tragic Mystery,' will be issued immediately.

—To-day's issue in Ticknor's Paper Series is 'A Reverend Idol.' Next Saturday's will be 'A Nameless Nobleman.'

—Thomas Nast, according to a Florida paper, is collecting for issue in book form many of the cartoons he has contributed to *Harper's Weekly*. The first volume will be a Christmas holiday book, to be issued this fall. It will consist of the various Santa Claus and other holiday pieces that have appeared from year to year. Mr. Nast will next arrange the famous Tweed pictures for another volume, to appear in 1888.

—The Chilean Government has bought for 10,000*l.* the library and MSS. of the late Don Benjamin Vicuña Mackenna, who had devoted much money and many years to collecting materials for the history of Chili.

—A volume of 'Essays of Addison,' with an introduction by Prof. C. T. Winchester, has been added to the well-edited and well-printed Garnet Series of the Chautauqua Library.

—*Science* is interesting itself in 'the increasing number of laws which attempt to regulate private and personal concerns.' 'It is time to call a halt,' it says, 'and it is the duty of our students of political science to determine for us how this may best be done.'

—A well-printed pamphlet, issued by the Acme Printing Co. of Detroit, contains Poe's 'Raven,' 'Haunted Palace,' and other poems, 'selected' by Edwin B. Hill.

—The most recent additions to Cassell's National Library are Vol. I. of White's 'Natural History of Selborne,' Patmore's 'The Angel in the House,' Raleigh's 'Discovery of Guiana,' and (in one volume) De Quincey's 'Murder as a Fine Art' and 'The English Mail-Coach.'

—*The American Bookseller* gives the following figures, showing the cost of manufacturing a book:—'Now if we wish to make a handsome 12mo volume, say of 400 pages, well printed, well bound, and on good paper, and to sell, "retail price," at \$1.50, what figures do we have? First there is here the cost of the plates, say \$350. If 5,000 copies of the book are sold, the cost of the plates for each volume is 7 cents. The cost of manufacturing, paper, binding, etc., will be about 40 cents. To this cost of manufacturing there ought to be added a commission for the publisher's experience, his plant, advertising, etc., of 20 per cent. on the selling price; then comes the author's royalty, 10 per cent. on the "retail price." The retail price being \$1.50, the price to the trade is 90 cents, a discount of 40 per cent. being allowed at the very least. We have then these figures per copy on an edition of 5,000: Plates, 7 cents; manufacturing, etc., 40 cents; commission, 20 per cent. on trade price at 90c., 18 cents; author's royalty, 15 cents; total, 80 cents—leaving the publisher 10 cents profit. If, however, the book sells only to the extent of 1,000 copies, the cost of the plates is 35 cents per copy instead of 7, and the result is a loss of 18 cents a copy to the publisher, who has nothing to show but a pile of metal good only for the foundry. This estimate is for a first-class, well-made book, not fiction. If we take a \$1.50 novel we may put down: Plates, 7 cents; paper, 3 cents; press-work, 6 cents; binding, 15 cents; advertising, 15 cents; royalty, 15 cents; total, 61 cents; but the trade generally obtain on fiction at least 40 per cent. and 10 per cent.—that is, they pay for the book 81 cents. The publisher in this case gets 20 cents profit if his sales reach 5,000 copies, or makes a loss of 2 cents a copy if only 1,000 copies are sold. The difference in the publisher's profits between this and the preceding case arises from the greater risk in the latter. We do not think that we are very wide of the mark if we say that for one \$1.50 novel that passes 5,000 copies, ten fail to reach 1,000.

Publications Received

RECEIPT of new publications is acknowledged in this column. Further notice of any work depends upon its interest and importance. Where no address is given the publication is issued in New York.

Balzac, H. De. The Alkahest. \$1.50.....	Boston: Roberts Bros.
Barrett, F. The Great Hesper. 25c.....	D. Appleton & Co.
Benjamin, F. W. The Sunny Side of Shadow.....	Boston: Ticknor & Co.
Besant, W. To Call Her Mine. 20c.....	Harper Bros.
Birrell, A. Obiter Dicta. \$1.00.....	Chas. Scribner's Sons.
Cracker Joe. \$1.00.....	Boston: Roberts Bros.
Erichsen, Hugo. The Cremation of the Dead.....	Detroit: D. O. Haynes & Co.
Greenough, F. B. Letters of Horatio Greenough. \$1.25.....	Boston: Ticknor & Co.
Historical Sketch of the South Church (Reformed) of New York City.....	Gilliss Bros. & Turnure.
Howard, C. H. C. Life and Public Services of Gen. John Wolcott Phelps.....	Brattleboro, Vt.: Frank E. Housh & Co.
Jameson, J. F. Papers of the American Historical Association. Vol. 3, No. 3.....	G. P. Putnam's Sons.
McCray, F. T. Environment. \$1.25.....	Funk & Wagnalls.
Montauban, G. De. The Cruise of a Woman Hater. 50c.....	Boston: Ticknor & Co.
Morris L. Songs of Britain.....	London: Kegan Paul, Trench & Co.
Munger, T. T. The Appeal to Life. \$1.50.....	Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
Pickard, J. C. Wheelock, L. The Story Without an End. The Palace of Vanity. Prig, The. How to Make a Saint.....	Henry Holt & Co.
Scribner's Magazine, Vol. 1. January-June.....	Charles Scribner's Sons.
Stevens, T. Around the World on a Bicycle. Vol. 1. From San Francisco to Teheran.....	Charles Scribner's Sons.
Sturgis, J. Dick's Wandering. 50c.....	D. Appleton & Co.
Symonds, J. A. Renaissance in Italy. 2 vols.....	Henry Holt & Co.
Tilton, Mrs. I. R. Daniele Cortis.....	Henry Holt & Co.

ALABAMA TOWN LOTS!

The undersigned offers for sale to investors a large number of the most advantageously situated building lots in the THRIVING AND RAPIDLY GROWING city of Anniston, Ala.

This property was not bought at booming prices, and will be sold on moderate terms, affording purchasers a rare opportunity to make CERTAIN AND HANDSOME PROFITS. Correspondence solicited.

We will satisfy any one who has money to invest that it can be honestly placed here, with absolute safety, without the necessity of a personal visit by the investor. References given on request.

F. M. HIGHT, ANNISTON, ALA.